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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TANKA

TO ELIZABETH

Against the door dead leaves are falling;
On your window the cobwebs are black.
Today, I linger alone.

The foot-step?
A passer-by.

SPRING

Down the slope white with flowers,
Toward the hills hazy blue,
A butterfly
Floats away.

MAY MOON

Milky night;
Through the resting trees
A petal—
Falling.

STORM

Against the gulls that play in the gale
The black waves dart
White fangs
In vain.

Jun Fujita

NOVEMBER

On a pale sandhill
A bare tree stands;
The death-wind
Has snatched the last few leaves.

A LEAF

The November sky without a star
Droops low over the midnight street;
On the pale pavement, cautiously
A leaf moves.

DECEMBER MOON

Among the frozen grasses
Frosting in the moon glare,
Tombstones
Are whiter tonight.

ECHO

I know it is not she,
Yet I listen
To distant laughter
Fleeting away.

Jun Fujita